

(To the Tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

When ARVN Comes Marching Home Again, hoorah, hoorah
There'll be a lot of corruption then hoorah, hoorah
The Nyugen's are in and the HO's are out
The peasants they will curse and shout
 and we'll all exchange P's when the ARVN comes
 marching home
When RF's give up the ghost again,
 oh wee, oh wee
The PF's they will also go,
 oh wee, oh wee
The PSDF's will tumble and shake
The hamlet chiefs will also quake
As eyes wonder,
 "Who the next will be"
Perhaps the Russians or the Chinese will take
 control
Perhaps the generals in Saigon will
 play the role
It's you and me and DIEN BIEN PHU
Perplexily watching the Saigon Zoo
 and THIEU or KY or MINH or who
When ARVN Comes Marching Home.....

(Sung to "God Bless America")

Buddha bless Sai-go-on
Buddha bless old HUE
 Bless Can-Tho
 Bless Dalat
 And the Man in palace today
From old I Corps to the Delta
 to the Highlands
 Filled with "yards"
Buddha bless them all
 And guard especially our
 own guards

DANANG

(Sung to Swanee)

Danang

How I love ya

How I love ya

My Dear Old Danang

The Folks down south in Saigon
don't know

The Folks up north in Hanoi
no, no

(I'm with ya)

Danang, I'm a singing

I'm a plugging

For all of I Corps

WE're soon to see results

WE're soon to bust our guts

in helping you to help yourself

Gang, Danang is the place I want
to save in old I Corps

The Folks up north, won't leave
us alone

So we cannot give up and
go home

SAIGON CITY SUE

Tune: Sioux City Sue

I met a gal in old Saigon

I asked her what was new

She said I think this morning

They hold another coup

I don't know who they couped this time

I surely don't know who

The only thing I know for sure

We has a little coup!

THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she banned the twist
But she's a real cute, little dolly
She's one I think I've missed
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of awful crimes
What's a little joke about cook-outs
Or imported gasoline
Why, that's mostly exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
Is just a poor little refugee
Why she fled from Ho and Hanoi
To make joke for you and me
She's snowed General Maxwell Taylor
And Ambassador Nolting too
Got bright green light from JFK
And three billion dollars too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go much for loving
But at intrigue can't be beat
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause its said that he's a sucker
For eastern camouflage.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup
She's got to salvage something
From this political enterprise
Before the VC loose their fight
And America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Has left for the USA
To be a UN observer
In the good old fashion way
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

WE ARE WINNING

We are winning, this we know
General Harkins tells us so.
Though in the Delta things are tough
And in the highlands very rough,
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them, who are you
McNamara says so too.

THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USOM too
And the guys who fly the choppers
And of course there's me and you.

REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year
You know damn well was spent right here,
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62.
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

REFRAIN

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

REFRAIN

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls
They were finding ways to screw us
'Cause they had us by the neck.

REFRAIN

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid -
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did!

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY

Some Yanks went out advising
Down in Southern Vietnam.
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddamn!
The President and his family
Were seating out a coup,
And they blamed the whole "schamozzle"
On the likes of me and you!

CHORUS

Yipee aye yea! Yipee aye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by
Some Buddhists did a "slow burn",
Up in Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies"
Without dodging plastic bombs.
The students, they got angry
The government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called U. S. a bunch of fools!

CHORUS

These advisors were notorious
For countering insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "QUO VAN MY".
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn!).

CHORUS

They worked for COMUSMACV
And for the Chief of MAAG,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag"
That the Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VCs!).

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Greenie Beanies too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame Nhu!

CHORUS

They advised the Civil Guard
And the valiant SDC
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body-count" was in
Our side lost a hundred
And the VCs only ten!

CHORUS

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USOM aid..
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made!
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as Mr. Ambassador
Could afford the going price!

CHORUS

Then they headed for the airfield,
Out at good old TAN SON NHUT,
With boarding passes in their hands
and CIBs to boot!
"Little soldiers of misfortune"
And, "Tools of the CIA"
They waited for jet planes
To touch them broad runway!

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

CHORUS

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they've got to say
They're gonna board that aircraft
So don't get in their way
They'll "ZAP, you with their cross-bows
And their home-made rifles too
Cause there ain't seats enough on the aircraft
For the likes of me and you.

FINAL CHORUS

Yipee-aye-yeah! Yipee-aye-yeah
Ghost advisors by and by!

THE BALLAD OF CORDS

(Designed to be sung to the tune of "Puff, the Magic Dragon", or "The Wabash Cannon ball" -- if the latter, "The Ballad of the Co Van My" should precede "The Ballad of CORDS"

You've heard about our warriors, in uniforms of green
There's damned near half a million of our troops who've
made the scene

There's the Big Red One and the First Air Cav, and all
those other hordes.
But you've seldom heard a single word about the crea-
ture known as CORDS

Now CORDS, the world's nith wonder wonder, was born in merry
May
With a mighty roar of thunder on a sultry Saigon day

And CORDS was nursed on nuoc mam and teathed on TNT
Cause this poor bastard's parents were called OCO and
MACV

Komer and Westmoreland loved that rascal CORDS
and knew they had to teach him to weld plowshares onto
swords

Now both CORDS' noble parents had fought for minds and
hearts
But CORDS set out to fight the war with view graph slides
and charts

Yes OCO had its RD teams and MACV the brigade
But CORDS rushed into battle with its briefers on parade

Uncle McNamara comes out from time to time
To inspect the growing baby in the torrid tropic clime

He listens to the briefings and reviews the cadre groups
And if RD is lagging he just sends more combat troops

The troops provide security so CORDS can pacify
And require Saigon's bureaucracy to expand and multiply

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

We once had several agencies to seek our common goals
They had a common mission although each had different roles

Then we unified the agencies, for RD was moving slow
and civilians in the field marched forth neathe the flag
of OCO

But OCO died in labor when CORDS was born in May
And CORDS is blessed with the MACV crest until the dying
day.

THE STREETS OF SAIGON

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor".
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and bear my sad story,
"I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die. "

"It was once I ruled widely, once I ruled strongly"
"And loved my sister or so they did say"
"But I kept my brother and so ruled wrongly"
"For those Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay. "

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
"Have the girls down at the Tu Do sing a love song
"Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me
"Now that USIS has scorned me
"I know I've done wrong. "

"Oh blow the piper slowly and beat the drums loudly
"Play a slow twist as you carry my pail
"Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
"To soften the tears of the press as they fail. "

REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year
Was spent in Viet Nam right here
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,
please fence me in.
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,
please fence me in!
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,
felt secure till the CG defected!
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,
please fence me in!
Give me lemonade, bandaid, USOM aid, everything U.S. made.
I asked for fertilizer, pig pens, bulgar wheat, and
haven't got it yet.
So I'll bark at the moon until they burn my fences.
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses.
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defences,
please fence me in!

ALREEVADERCHER SAIGON

Alreevadercher, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons
The Viet Cong hold them tight
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight

The Bao An steal our chickens
The Dan Ve steal our rice
And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar
With the GVN acting so vulgar
Is it any wonder that the V. C. seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces
They're not on our frontier
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes
That's the reason for the shooting that you can hear!

They send us lots of Colonels
With chickens on their necks
They are working in coordination
They are working in coordination
They are making plans to win the war on top the Rex.

ALREEVADERCHER, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

I'VE STAYED TOO LONG

(Tune: I Wonder Why)

We don't need MAAG advisors
We just take tranquilizers
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors
We don't need fertilizers
We just need to get away from here.

We've been down in the Delta
Where we've sure had to swelta
We just need to get away from here.
We can really hardly wait
To get through that airport gate
We're not chicken, we're just all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there
I find leaflets underneath my chair
I've got hash marks on my underwear
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night
Too much nuouc mam's spoiled my appetite
I'm just one great big mosquito bite
I guess I've lost the fight
I've stayed too long.

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

They asked me how I knew my true love was true, I of course
replied something here inside cannot be denied, They said
some day you'll find all who love are blind but I smiled and
said when your heart's on fire smoke gets in your eyes.
So I chaffed and as I gaily laughed to think they could
doubt my love yet today my love has flown away I am without
my love. Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide
When a lovely flame dies you must realize SMOKE GETS IN
YOUR EYES.

TWELVE DAYS IN RANCH HAND (Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On my first day in Ranch Hand, my foreman gave to me,
A province he said to plumb tree.

...second day... Two smoking engines...
...third day... Three Goddamn lifts...
...fourth day... Four runs through A shau...
...fifth day... Five weeks at DaNang...
...sixth day... Six slopes a'sleeping...
...seventh day... Seven Purple Hearts...
...eighth day... Eight ship formation...
...ninth day... Nine nozzles leaking...
...tenth day... Ten clicks of rubber...
...eleventh day... Eleven hist'by .50's...
...twelfth day... Twelve days to go...

SPRAY ON, SPRAY ON HARVEST RICE (Tune: Shine on Harvest Moon)

Spray on, spray on harvest rice, go get that crop!
People say that this is escalation, and it's really got to stop.

Bertrand Russell says that this is not for you.
So spray on, spray on harvest rice, for Abie and Thieu.

I'M A YOUNG RANCH HAND (Tune: Cowboy's Lament or Streets of Laredo)

I'm a young Ranch Hand, a rowdy young Ranch Hand
I spray all the flowers until they do die.
I spray in the valleys, I spray in the mountains
I spray and I spray as long as I fly.

I spray up at Hoi An, I spray in the Delta
I spray the whole country to help the G. I.
I spray it with blue and I spray it with orange
Get my purple provider as I say good-bye.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Sprayed by Ranch Hands every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone?
Sprayed by .50's every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the .50's gone, long time passing?
Where have all the .50's gone, long time ago?
Where have all the .50's gone?
Sprayed by (fighter's call sign) every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the (fighter's call sign) gone, long time passing?
Where have all the (") gone, long time ago?
Where have all the (") gone?
Drunk with Ranch Hands every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

BATTLE HYMN OF THE RANCH HANDS

My eyes have seen the Ranch Hands as they start a spray on pass
Dropping to low altitude as .50's come through the glass
They've got one hand on the throttle
And the other on a bottle
Of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray.
And I hope to do it again another day.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many hectares can a Ranch Hand spray, before it all blows away?
And how much rubber can a Ranch Hand kill, before Uncle Sam has to pay?

CHORUS

The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many smokes can a Ranch Hand throw, before the fighters can strike?
And how many hits can a Ranch Hand take, pretending it's something
he likes?

CHORUS

How much Mateus can a Ranch Hand drink, at the Da Nang Ranch-in?
And how many clubs can a Ranch Hand wreck, on only a bottle of gin?

CHORUS

390TH TEW SONG

Hi Ziggy, Ziggy, fat little piggy, Blue Boar,
The F-4 is a fat whore without a bomb door.
Two engines to go, to see Uncle Ho,
And a tanker to feed her when dry. Suck, suck, suck.

Hey MIGgy, MIGgy, I'm a little piggy, Blue Boar,
With your belly up, you're a sitting duck, Oh shit! I missed.
He's back through the flak, with you on my back,
And a seat that is covered with crap. Crap, crap, crap.

See the missiles come, you're a lousy bum, SAM site,
Hope the burners light, we don't want to fight, Knock, Knock. Bat shit!
We'll drop all the bombs, on North Vietnam,
We're going home empty tonight, Dump, Dump, Dump